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[Mundy, Francis Noel Clark]



P O E M S.

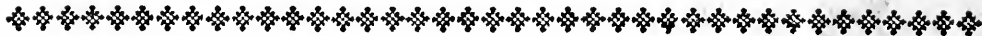


O X F O R D,

PRINTED BY W. JACKSON, MDCC,LX,VIII.

Sold by T. BECKETT and P. A. DE HONDT, in the *Strand, London*;
and D. PRINCE, in *Oxford*.

505968
28.3.50



O D E

O N T H E

Death of King G E O R G E II.

A N D

The Accession of our present Sovereign.

Printed in the Oxford Collection, 1760.

I.

YE great, ye valiant, and ye wise !

Who fill the earthy tomb ;

Deaths' fairest, richest sacrifice,

In Henry's holy dome !

Ye scepter'd Fathers of mankind,

Who rul'd your Albion and refin'd !

A 2

Her

Her Kings, her Friends, who plann'd, who bled,
 In Freedom's and Britannia's cause;
 Who form'd the nation by your laws;
 Ye mightiest of the dead!

II.

Hark! o'er your heads—the tyrant there
 Grim Death exulting stands.
 —And now your mansions, dark and drear,
 He opes with giant hands.
 While ghastly smiles the griesly Fiend,
 I hear your hollow groans ascend —
 —Presages sad — your fears are just —
 His arm hath smote the British throne;
 Reft of its Lord the regal crown
 Lies sullied in the dust.

III.

The Monarch falls — in mournful state
 He comes, the good and brave!
 His life, his virtues, yield to fate; —
 His glory to the grave.

Yet

Yet there be your obedience paid,
 Ye Kings, to his superior shade :
 For well he rul'd your favourite Land ;
 And well suppress'd her haughty foes :
 Her state to highest honours rose
 Beneath his forming hand.

IV.

Lo, starting from the sable shroud,
 The awful heroes rise !
 Around his pale remains they crowd
 With eager-gazing eyes.
 But chief, from off her peaceful bed,
 Great CAROLINA lifts her Head,
 Awaken'd by the hallow'd sound.—
 But soon her Consort she descries ;
 And soon into his arms she flies ;
 And calls their offspring round.

V.

Ah FREDERICK ! he untimely fell.
 A victim to the grave.

Ah,

Ah, who the bitter grief can tell
 His fall untimely gave!
 The Monarch meets his godlike race —
 Ah, mock not death their fond embrace!
 In peace, ye holy spirits rest:
 Princes, who liv'd your Albions pride,
 By her ye much lamented died,
 By her ye lov'd, carest.

VI.

Who now with fond paternal care
 Shall guard her orphan state?
 Who now amidst the rage of War
 Maintain her free and great?
 Who but the Royal Youth, whose birth
 Sprang from Britannia's parent earth?
 Him best becomes Britannia's crown. —
 Blest Isle! to whom auspicious heav'n,
 Earnest of happiest days! has giv'n
 A BRUNSWICK of her own.

E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

M E R R Y W I V E S O F W I N D S O R .

Spoken by FALSTAFF. 1761.

ZOUNDS, what a fury has this FORD been in,
 As if poor harmless Cuckoldom was sin !
 Why d—n the beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave,
 The whorson fure has ne'er a foul to save,
 Or thanks, instead of blows, might have been giv'n
 To one who wou'd have help'd the wretch to heav'n,
 When rain and sunshine shou'd conspire together,
 To call the beastly herd of Cuckolds thither.

This

This feeling payment, firs, was something rude,
 I do not like such marks of gratitude.
 When o'er my suffering sides the cudgel fell,
 How did my manly spirit within rebel !
 I scarce cou'd hold,—methought my heart wou'd break ;
 — But then the Lady's honour was at stake.
 Zounds, cou'd he think among us bucks and bloods
 Alone t'enjoy so tight a piece of goods ?
 His wife's a woman—and a woman's frail ;
 And sure a man like me might well prevail.
 While she admires my limbs and portly waist,
 The rogue shou'd love her better for her taste.
 — But flesh and blood ! what washy wights are here !
 Are these the sons of English beef and beer ?
 — Then farewell Cuckoldom, thy reign must cease—
 Thou can'st not thrive among such shades as these.
 These sentimental SLENDERS of this age,
 Who whine, and sigh, *O sweet, sweet ANN PAGE !*
 'Fore God, I think I'll have *myself* a wife,
 And square my manners to this modern life.

For

For shame, leave off your teas, adhere to sack ;
 And for your morals,—copy honest Jack.
 In Love be bold, laconick, blunt, and bluff ;
 “ A Captain, Madam—Dam’me ! ”—that’s enough.—
 Husbands are better taught than to intrude ;
 But if the pimping Wittol thou’d be rude,
 Revenge the base affront ; draw forth your sword,
 And run the Rascal through—as I shall FORD.

THE
PRAISE OF SULPICIA,

Addressed to MARS, upon his Calends.

Occasioned by her being uncommonly ornamented in her dress.

From TIBULLUS. 1759.

GREAT Mars, Sulpicia deck'd in pomp appears!
 To grace your festival that pomp she wears.
 Come, (if you're wife), from heav'n, to view her charms;
 Venus awhile will spare you from her arms.
 But ah, beware whilst all amaz'd you stand,
 Lest the spear fall inglorious from your hand.
 When Love wou'd make Immortal hearts his prize,
 His flame he kindles at Sulpicia's eyes.
 Her every act, her every motion trace;
 Each act, each motion has its secret grace.
 Graceful her locks, that careless flow behind;
 Graceful alike in plaited braids confin'd.

How

How much she charms us in a snow-white dress !
 Nor rob'd in purple doth she charm us less.
 Vertumnus thus, in heav'n's supreme abode,
 In thousand forms appears—in each a God.
 To her, whate'er the Tyrian arts supply
 (The softest fleeces of the choicest dye)
 Alone is due ; let rich Arabia yield
 To her the harvest of her spicy field.
 Be hers the precious gems, and golden store,
 The spoils of tawny India's eastern shore.
 Her on this sacred day, ye muses praise :
 To her thy sounding lyre bright Phœbus raise.
 Long may her praises with this day be join'd :
 A nobler theme than her ye cannot find.

TO LESBIA.

Imitated from CATULLUS. 1761.

HEEDLESS of what the world may say,
 E're yet our youthful years decay,
 Let us my Lesbia love and live—
 Do thou a thousand kisses give;
 Then let me snatch a hundred more;
 Then add a thousand to my store;
 Another hundred let me take;
 A thousand then for pity's sake.
 And these are all I ask of thee;
 And all that thou shalt have from me:
 But if whilst I thy fragrance sip;
 And my soul hovers o'er thy lip;
 If puzzled with confus'd delight,
 I shou'd not mark to count them right;
 Let me, my Lesbia, let me then
 Begin the pleasing task again.

VERSES

V E R S E S

Written in a L A D Y's Pocket-Book. 1761.

WHILST hour to hour, and day succeeds to day,
 And weeks, and months, and longer years decay;
 May'st thou, my favorite and my friend, employ
 Each hour in happiness, each day in joy!
 May weeks, and months, and years, those joys increase
 With health, (best blessing,) and domestick peace!
 Whilst here thy actions mark'd on ev'ry page,
 Shall teach employment to a future age.
 Here every page shall amiably declare
 Thy mind, thy manners, like thy person fair.

T O A

L A D Y,

With a N E W Y E A R's G I F T,

The Author being accustom'd to make her an
annual present. 1764.

IN days of yore, as they record,
When all was carried by the sword;
When folks took not the least delight in
Aught on the earth of God, but fighting;
A King sometimes, by way of riot,
Seeing his neighbour slept in quiet,
And little dream'd of harm, wou'd therefore,
Without another why or wherefore,
Descend upon him sword in hand,
And rob him of his crown and land.

And

And then to shew his generosity,
 Laying aside his late ferocity,
 The Conqu'ror freely wou'd restore
 What strictly was the man's before,
 Provided he, upon his knees,
 Wou'd swear to some such rules as these :
 " You vassal in my cause must fight,
 " Whether that cause be wrong or right ;
 " And without grumbling, draw your sword,
 " Whene'er I please to give the word ;
 " And when we meet, thus kneeling down,
 " Must do me homage for your crown :
 " And once a year, by way of token
 " That these your vows remain unbroken,
 " Some trifling present let me have,
 " Deliver'd from you as my slave :
 " And, if it be not duly paid,
 " Depend upon't this trusty blade
 " Shall never rest within its sheath,
 " Until it has procur'd your death."—

—O'er

—O'er neighb'ring king, and subject peer,
 The tyrant thus wou'd domineer;
 Whilst every baron in the nation,
 Possess'd of king-like imitation,
 The same allegiance wou'd extort
 From farmers at his country court:
 And if he came not gift in hand,
 Wou'd *oust the villain* from his land.
 E'en in these present days full fifty
 Good instances I cou'd soon give t'ye,
 Where annual peppercorns are sent
 By way of an acknowledgment.
 "But whither doth this story tend?"
 "Sir, will you never make an end?"
 Yes Ma'am, I've done with my relation,
 Proceed we to the application:
 As ancient monarchs by their bravery
 Reduc'd their brother kings to slavery;
 As barons in subjection held
 The rustick tillers of the field;

So

So you by one refiftlefs glance,
 Keener by far than fword or lance,
 Enter'd my breaft by means unfair,
 And founded your dominion there.

Yes, tyrant yes, too well 'tis known
 My captive heart is all your own;
 The wounds you gave will ever bleed—
 —“ Sir to the point.”—Ma'am I proceed:

As ancient peers, and ancient peafants
 Purchas'd their peace by annual presents,
 And often turn'd afide the fword
 By gifts to the fuperior Lord;
 So I, who owe undoubted duty
 To fo much wit, to fo much beauty,
 Send you this mark of my fubjection,
 As harbouring no difaffection:
 For if I fhould but once neglect
 This yearly token of refpect,
 You foon wou'd fend your armed forces
 To punifh my rebellious courfes.

E'en now methinks I see you rise,
With vengeance sparkling in your eyes;
Anger contracts your threat'ning brows;
And on your cheek resentment glows;
Your voice upbraids my traitor heart
That from its fealty durst depart.
But spare me, cruel victor, spare!
Your smiles are more than I can bear;
And less, far less can I sustain,
Your looks of anger, and disdain.
I dare not stand th' unequal strife,
—O take my gift, and spare my life.

A

F R A G M E N T.

Written in 1762.

----- Penfive and alone

I fit like one transform'd to stone;

My loose thoughts wander unconfin'd;

'Till now the mirror of my mind

Presents my Laura's image fair,

And my whole soul is center'd there.

Lo, side by side with her I stray,

Where Fancy points the flow'ry way:

Conducted by her magic wand

We seem to tread on Fairy land.

And now methinks our steps invade

The painted vale, and op'ning shade,

Where one eternal spring resides,
 Where the hoarse brook meandering glides,
 Responsive to whose plaintive sound
 The feathery tribes are quiring round.
 But not the feathery tribes that sing
 Their carols to the constant spring,
 Nor winding brook, nor bow'ry grove,
 Divert my thoughts from her I love.
 Imagination fondly tries
 To win me favour in her eyes;
 The tender scene of courtship feigns,
 With all its pleasures, all its pains.
 Trembling with fear and doubt I frame
 Some fancied speech to urge my flame;
 I falter as I seem to speak,
 While real passions paint my cheek.
 Too studious while I strive to please,
 My actions lose their wonted ease.
 Meanwhile my pleading eyes reveal
 A fondness which no tongue can tell:

I press

I prefs her hand, and thence impart
 The filent language of my heart.
 Such airy vifions footh my mind,
 While Fancy paints my Laura kind.
 And now a chofen spot ſhe ſhows
 Inviting fair to foft repofe ;
 With twifted ſhrubs imbow'red high,
 Secreted from days garifh eye.
 Here feated on a flow'ry bed
 My Laura's lap fuftains my head ;
 Her breaft with mutual ardour beats ;
 My lovesick looks with love ſhe meets ;
 The warm blufh rifing on her face
 Calls forth, and heightens every grace :
 As on her bofom I recline
 She joins her glowing cheek to mine ;
 Then lifping phrafe, and whifper'd vows,
 With all the Trifling Love allows,
 Engaging fmiles, and gay defires,
 Affected ſcorn that fans my fires,

Artful

Artful reserve, the broken sigh,
 The transport couching in her eye,
 With many a soft endearment join'd,
 Speak her whole soul to Love inclin'd.
 While gazing on her bashful charms,
 I strain her closer in my arms;
 And heaving then so deep a sigh,
 As if to her's my heart wou'd fly,
 My soul dissolving in such bliss,
 Tastes all Elysium in a kiss.—
 —Alas! disorder'd Reason dreams!
 No music murmurs in the streams;
 No feathery tribes are quiring round;
 No spring eternal here is found;
 No yielding fair, or painted grove;
 Nor aught is mine save hopeless Love.
 Reflection guides my Reason right,
 And calls to mind one hapless night
 When leaning on that conscious seat,
 As all allur'd by converse sweet,

Judgment

Jndgment with passion vainly strove,
And Reason was subdued by Love;
When my hearts pangs I dar'd reveal,
Pangs, which she might not, cou'd not heal.
—No more—Despair is in my view;
My wounds of sorrow bleed anew:
Alas! for ever must I mourn,
Since all the scanty poor return
That she cou'd give, or I might hope to gain
Was one sad tear of pity for my pain.

P R O L O G U E
 TO THE
 T R A G E D Y of C A T O,

Which was performed by Gentlemen and Ladies, 1764.

Spoken by a Boy.

I Come, good folks, your candour to implore
 For certain young adventurers at the door,
 Who, for a frolick, as a man may say,
 Have taken it in their heads to act a play:
 Hither they fend me first, with coaxing rhyme
 To make excuses for your loss of time.
 —But hold—my conscience will not let me plead—
 For I must own 'tis loss of time indeed.
 And ought not they severely to be hiss'd,
 Who rob the night of dear Quadrille and Whist?
 Old Cato's death is now too trite a tale;
 And Roman virtue is exceeding stale.
 Cato! a schoolboy's Play throughout the nation!
 Children like me perhaps might gain compassion:

But

But these grown gentlemen full six feet high,
Will rather make spectators laugh than cry :
Laugh and be merry then, for they pretend
If you are pleas'd at all, they gain their end.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Lucia's Sister, a Girl of eleven years of age.

ALAS poor Lucia ! how art thou distress'd,
While rival Loves divide thy wav'ring breast !
A very woman through the piece, for rather
Than quite abandon one, thou wilt have neither.
But, Lucia, I can tell you for the future
A method to dispose of either suitor.
Whene'er again two youthful Lovers woo,
Prithee encourage both a year or two ;
Then make your choice, take you the fav'rite brother,
And, sister, if you please, give me the other.

T O

A M O R E T.

Written in 1762.

I.

VAIN is the thin disguise of art,
 That strives to hide a Lover's heart!
 No guile, no cunning can conceal
 The self-betraying flames I feel;
 Forc'd as I am at length to own
 What to the world has long been known.
 My folded arms, my footsteps slow,
 My starting tears, my looks of woe,
 These, and a thousand symptoms prove
 That much I suffer, much I love.

Then

II.

Then, Amoret, no longer feign
Thyself a stranger to my pain ;
Do thou appear no longer blind
To what is seen by all mankind :
Ah, who but marks, when thou art by,
The languor of my doting eye ?
The frequent changes of my cheek ?
The sighs that from my bosom break ?
These and a thousand symptoms tell
'Tis Amoret I love so well.

W I N T E R.

Begun at Winchester School. 1757.

FAREWELL those gentler seasons of the year,
 Young Spring, who fill'd with flow'rs the willing soil;
 Summer, whose funbeams nurs'd the foodful ear;
 With Autumn, grateful to the reaper's toil.

For lo, sad change! from yonder gathering cloud
 Stern Winter wildly drives his dark array:
 From the keen North the winds are piping loud,
 As through the yielding woods they sweep their way.

High on a storm, with visage fierce and pale,
 The barren Eurus rides: the rain descends:
 Far, far resounding through the floated vale,
 Its hoarse rough Howls the dashing torrent sends.

Where

Where are those rural charms that fed my eyes,
 The cowslip'd meadow, and the hedge-row green?
 In one wide waste the snow-clad Landscape lies;
 And Frost with withering hand deforms the scene.

I sought the copse, the joyous thrush's haunt;
 For much I wish'd her melody to hear:
 In vain I woo'd her to begin her chaunt,
 Nor joyous thrush, nor melody was there.

In social troops the silent larks are found,
 Picking with busy bill their scanty food:
 Ah me, I hear the gun's destructive sound,
 And the snow blushes with their harmless blood!

Sweet bird! are these the sports of reas'ning man?
 Thus doth his savage hand thy songs repay,
 Which bade his joys awake when spring began,
 Which cheer'd in summer's heat the toilsome day?

The

The red-breast, wifely confident, presumes
 To screen his weakness in the peopled cot ;
 And sweetly thankful for the scatter'd crumbs,
 Pays the cheap bounty with his warbled note.

Now dull and dreary wakes the tardy morn ;
 The sickly Sun resigns his noon-tide pow'r :
 Night comes ; and Fear, of Melancholy born,
 Adds a new horror to the darkling hour.

At ev'ry bush, at ev'ry sudden breeze,
 Starts the lone Trav'ler on his wilder'd way ;
 In his own shade a thousand deaths he fees,
 And stops, and pants, and listens in dismay.

The night-bird's thrice-flapp'd wing, and shriekings fell
 Denounce the pining sick-man's hopeless doom ;
 In the hush air imperfect whispers dwell
 Of Dæmons prowling through the midnight gloom.

Stone-

Stone-hearted Murder bathes his sword in blood ;
 Rapine, foul fiend, leads forth his lawless band ;
 Infatiate Hunger calls amain for food ;
 While pale-ey'd Famine howls along the land.

Where are thy haunts, O Chearfulness ? the bow'r
 Of spring no more invites thee ; nor the walk
 At summer's eve, beneath thy guardian pow'r
 Where late I listen'd to my Laura's talk.

Nor art thou seen within the courts of pride ;
 Ambition drives thy peaceful image thence :
 Tho' Feast, and Sport, and Laughter there abide,
 Excess and Riot pall thy nicer sense.

At length thy coy retirement have I found,
 Where smokes the cottage in the shelter'd vale ;
 Where, whilst his rustic friends the hearth furround,
 The simple swain recounts his frolic tale.

His

His heart is humble as the garb he wears,
 Like his coarse daily food, his manners plain;
 Contentment's blessing the dull season cheers,
 And the storm beats upon his roof in vain.

The smiles of innocence his temper guard,
 And from his threshold banish home-bred strife;
 Fresh health, and honest gain his toils reward;
 And one continu'd summer rules his life.

Learn hence, ye vain, ye idle, and ye proud,
 When the dark storms of bleak misfortune low'r,
 'Tis Virtue only can dispel the cloud,
 And bless with Cheerfulness the wintry hour.

On the Death of a

Young L A D Y's Tame H A R E.

Written in 1764.

FOOD for all mouths, 'tis strange that I
 An easy natural death shou'd die;
 Still stranger is it, that a Hare
 Shou'd lead a life unvex'd by care:
 Sev'n years (an age!) by Cloe's fide
 (To be her captive was my pride)
 In peace I liv'd, in peace I dy'd.
 By prudence, by experience tame,
 I envy'd not the savage game,
 Who still pursu'd, who still distress'd,
 By man, by vermin, and by beast,
 Amidst the slavery of their fears
 Call'd independent freedom theirs.

}

Secure and happy in my chain,
 To me such liberty was vain.
 Me, far above my kindred blest,
 Fair Cloe's gentle hand cares'd.
 With freshest food she daily stor'd
 My wholesome vegetable board.
 Me, from the foes which Hares surround,
 (The spaniel fly, or active hound,)
 A word from Cloe cou'd protect;
 —Virginity claims such respect.
 Her looks restor'd the golden age;
 The cat sat harmless by my cage:
 And whilst at Cloe's feet I play'd
Tyger and *Patch* asleep were laid.
 She on my little sports wou'd smile;
 And from a heart that knows no guile,
 She, on my not-untimely bier,
 ('Tis all I ask) hath drop'd a tear.

A N

E P I S T L E,

Written from Oxford, to Mrs. S—— in London, 1762.

I Promis'd, when I saw you last,
 To write; my word and honour pass'd.
 'Tis vulgar, but as I'm no Lord,
 I promis'd, and I'll keep my word.
 I'd better break it fifty times
 You'll say, than tire you with dull rhimes.
 Such as it is, I send the Letter,
 And really wish the verse was better.
 But hold, my ever-forward Muse!
 What scandal, anecdote, or news,
 Canst thou pick up in this retreat,
 For ear of London Lady meet?
 My hours one course of dulness keep;
 I read (sometimes), and eat, and sleep;

The day is past ; to-morrow's fun
 Sees the same sober circle run.
 And how shou'd I of news have knowledge,
 Who seldom visit neighb'ring College ?
 What's doing there, no more I know,
 Than he who lives at Jericho.
 Shou'd I enquire, believe me, therein
 Is very little worth the hearing.
 Here, by th' assistance of Apollo,
 The reasons shall in metre follow.
 —Ifis, my honour'd Aunt, (God blefs her !)
 (By name of Mother some address her,
 But that is making very free
 With one of her known chastity,
 Since a true maid she bids us farewell
 Along with her good sister Cherwell,
 And many a mile from hence is carried
 Before to gaffer Thame she's married ;
 Who, or your geographic men lye,
 Meets her with open arms at Henley :

Be that as 'twill, I still aver
 She is a spotless maiden here;
 And if that weighty point you grant,
 'Tis better fure to call her Aunt.)—
 —Aunt Isis then, I meant to say,
 As by these walls she takes her way,
 So smooth, so calm, serene, and hush,
 She scarcely stirs the bordering rush,
 By her example, shews the Muse
 That she has nought to do with news;
 That meditations more become her
 Than gossiping with Fame and Rumour.
 Hence much engag'd in studious labour,
 We scarcely know our next door neighbour:
 Of men and things have no discerning,
 Grown ignorant by too much learning.
 But Fame, to be reveng'd, has said
 That like true superannuate maid,
 Isis can put on various faces,
 And diff'rent forms, in diff'rent places.

Here

Here Ifis in her graver airs
 Is all for learning, books, and pray'rs;
 Observe her but a little lower,
 Ifis is chang'd; you wou'd not know her:
 So giddy, brisk, and full of pranks,
 She scarce can keep within her banks;
 No more a venerable queen;
 She seems a school-girl of fifteen.
 She chatters like a Lady's parrot;
 With Cherwell, who partakes her chariot;
 For wat'ry Pow'rs through ev'ry age
 Have always kept their equipage.—
 Scarce are these sisters got a mile hence
 Ready to burst with keeping silence,
 E're both at once begin their tattle,
 And over every pebble prattle.
 What hinting, nodding, as they travel!
 What whisp'ring over beds of gravel!
 From observations on the weather,
 They come to who and who's together:

One tells a story with a wink,
T'other replies, she did not think
The Doctor had been fond of drink.

}

“ But Sister,—that same reverend Dean,
—“ Dear Cherwell—you know whom I mean—

“ With such a trollops! fie for shame!

“ Indeed the man is much to blame.”

—Then Cherwell tells her sister queen

The news of her more rural scene.

How Lydia in the fedges lay,

While Lycon bath'd one sultry day.

An apple Galatea threw

Full at her swain, and then withdrew;

And 'mong the willows fought to screen her,

But first took care the man had seen her.

Ifis half smiling makes rejoinder,

“ The youth cou'd do no less than find her.”

—Thus they; and thus their scandal breeds,

'Tis overheard by list'ning reeds,

Without much hesitation, which

Whisper it up the neighb'ring ditch;

The

The ditch one may with truth alledge
 Can keep no secret from the hedge :
 The hedge repeats the story, 'till
 It shortly hath attain'd the hill ;
 The Dryad of the upland oak
 To tattling Zephyr tells the joke ;
 And Zephyr proud of aught to say,
 Soon to the city wings his way :
 Through all the houses and the streets
 He whispers it to those he meets :
 Hence to the parties endless shame ;
 Whilst *him* or *her* they wrongly blame,
 Unweeting whence the scandal came. }
 Not knowing, tho' it plain appears
 Hedges and trees have tongues and ears.
 Rumour and Fame, this charge, or more,
 Lay to the Goddess of our shore,
 That she, so prudent once, and wise,
 Delights in propagating lies ;
 And that of late the alter'd *Goody*,
 (That is their word,) neglects to study.

What

What indignation fires my muse
 Whilst they my sov'reign aunt abuse !
 Shall I their double rage defy,
 And give to either dame the lie ?
 Or shall I—let me see—I will,
 I'll let 'em talk and rail their fill ;
 Of Isis what they say I'll grant ;
 But then, I have another aunt,
 Whom if those huffies dare but name,
 I'll—" fair and softly Sir," cries Fame,
 " Know it is not for you to stint
 " Our speech of her at whom you hint :
 " But understand me—I shall raise
 " No voice of scandal, but of praise ;
 " Shall sound her virtues"—there indeed
 You're welcome heartily—proceed.
 For I was pleas'd sans compliment,
 To find in you the aunt she meant.
 By no means, Ma'am, wou'd I neglect
 To shew you that profound respect,

Which I with pride confess is due
 For reasons three from me to you.
 First as my Aunt—but that relation
 I think is no great obligation :
 A thing you cou'd not help—" the breed,"
 Aye, *that's* a compliment indeed.
 With duteous thanks in place the second
 Be that *chief* mark of kindness reckon'd ;
 A kindness, which I can't repay ;
 For when a helpless babe I lay
 In lap of my good ancient nurse,
 Or flabbering, or something worse ;
 And making strange distorted faces,
 In children ever counted graces ;
 You then, a venturous undertaking !
 (Does it ne'er set your head on aching
 To find your good intentions mis'd on ?)
 Promis'd to see me made a Christian.
 Bound by these double duties fast,
 Come we to cause the third and last—

—But

—But oh, my muse, tho' much inspir'd
 By 'gratitude, wou'd soon be tir'd,
 Shou'd she attempt in fetter'd verse
 Your several favours to rehearse :
 Soon her account wou'd be at loss ;
 She therefore mentions them in gross :
 And vows while she has blood in vein,
 Their grateful memory shall remain.
 Where ought I first my thanks to grant,
 To friend, to godmother, or Aunt ?
 Suppose without distinction rather
 I put my several thanks together :
 'Tis good ; united thanks I send
 To Aunt, to godmother, and friend.
 And with these thanks I deem it better
 To put a *finis* to my Letter :
 For much I fear my tedious rhyme
 Shou'd trespass on your dressing time.
 So hoping for your future favour,
 I am, with dutiful behaviour
 Your humble servant now and ever.

P O S T S C R I P T.

—**T**HE Aunt, the Friend were always kind;
 With Godmother one fault I find.
 For ah, what fiend possess'd their fancies
 Who prompted you to call me Francis?
 And how cou'd you, tho' much invaded
 By their intreaties be persuaded?
 So grave a name!— I shou'd at least
 Have been a Spaniard or a priest.
 Henceforward be my face exempt
 Sad tho' it be, from your contempt.
 Against my looks no more exclaim,
 You caus'd the very fault you blame,
 My sorrows from my Christ'ning came.
 Hence am I toothless, tall, and thin,
 And hence proceeds my length of chin.
 O had your goodness but thought fit
 To've call'd me Joe, I'd been a wit.

Witnefs }

Witness th' Immortal Joseph Miller :

Or Jack, I'd prov'd a giant-killer ;

Like Jack been nimble, and been quick,

And have jump'd o'er the candlestick.

Or Ben, or Tom wou'd have gone down,

So had I rivall'd the renown

Of rare Ben Johnson, or Tom Brown.

Cristophero is not amiss ;

But then the curse of Kit, or Cris.

Michael, I might have been a saint,

Or shou'd at least have learn'd to paint.

My lot had been, if Alexander,

A coppersmith, or a commander.

What wond'rous actions have been done

By Henrys, Edwards, and so on !

But seldom histories or romances

Treat of a hero christen'd FRANCIS.

Madam, your fatal error spoil'd

Undoubtedly the wittiest child !—

For

For e're that hated name took place
 Humour sat leering on my face.
 But Francis, like an eastern blight,
 Put all my fun and mirth to flight.
 Grave Francis, like a bone i'th' throat
 Makes all I say not worth a groat.
 Francis, that solemn-sounding name!
 A plot against my future fame:
 To which, (indeed I can't forgive ye)
 Plain it appears yourself was privy.
 For surely, but for this d——d plot,
 I shou'd have been the Lord knows what.

INSCRIPTION

I N S C R I P T I O N

F O R

An ARBOUR at Forcett in Yorkshire, 1756.

BY me, a Dryad of the grove,
 This shade-imbrowned scene was wove:
 By me, the woodbine and the vine
 Were taught their mingling arms to twine.
 Amid the leafy shrine I dwell,
 Disposing life, or bloom, or smell,
 To ev'ry flaunting shrub or flow'r
 That helps to form my secret bow'r.
 Far from my borders I exclude
 Each harmful weed, or bramble rude.
 Nor noxious adder here, nor toad,
 Nor bat, nor owl hath her abode;

No

No monster foul of human kind,
 Nor vice, the vermin of the mind.—
 But here the tender Linnet sings;
 Here the gay Goldfinch plumes her wings:
 And fair and free my entrance lies
 To all that's virtuous, good and wise:
 Nor decent Mirth be banish'd hence;
 Nor Joy the child of Innocence.
 But chiefly on this hallow'd ground
 Sincerity and Truth be found,
 With each plain virtue of the heart,
 Unfullied by the tricks of art.
 —With these, and more, my feats are blest'd,
 When young *Maria* is my guest.

ON RECEIVING
A Pair of GARTERS from my Sister,
WHICH SHE KNIT

During a long Confinement by Sicknefs. 1766.

TO me, nor trifling, nor of common worth,
Are these dear pledges of a Sister's love;
A Sister more in friendship than by birth:
Nor may this lesson uninstruative prove.

That she, whose life its youthful journey ran
Free from the follies of such days as these,
Gentle and meek as when that life began,
Ne'er form'd a wish but to oblige and please;

That she cou'd live unenvy'd, tho' admir'd,
(Such blessing such humility attends!)
By men approv'd, 'twas all her heart desir'd,
And tho' a woman, women were her friends;

G

That

That she, (such trials here the virtuous find)
 Now worn by sickness, and by pain oppress'd,
 Sustains th' afflictive shock with hopes resign'd,
 A tortur'd body, but a mind at rest;

That she, while this poor chamber is her all,
 Can o'er its little world diffuse a smile;
 Bid Industry arise within its wall,
 And with these tasks the hour of pain beguile:

The cloister'd Nun, who, scorning earthly joys,
 To God her thoughts devotes, her time, her heart;
 Thus the few moments stol'n from pray'r employs,
 And thus excels in Piety and Art.

LOVE

L O V E E L E G I E S.

I. On leaving B A T H. 1761.

A DIEU ye walls, that hold my favorite maid!
 Adieu fair city, Beauty's darling feat!
 At length adieu! at length, tho' late delay'd,
 From you my steps unwillingly retreat.

Yet from the summit of this neighb'ring hill,
 While scanty morn deals forth the light of day,
 Where your proud domes yon ample valley fill,
 My eyes shall take their ling'ring last Survey.

And Fancy there that envied roof descries
 Where dwells the dear possessor of my heart:
 There lull'd in happy sleep my fair one lies,
 Nor knows, nor pities, my unceasing smart.

G 2

O would

O wou'd some friendly dream my grief disclose!
 —But cease vain mind, the fond petition cease—
 Nor vex her gentle breast with fruitless woes;
 —Peace to her threshold, to her slumbers peace.—

Enough for me, if when Hyperion's ray
 Unlocks the brighter glories of her eye,
 Her kindest wish shall speed me on my way;
 While from her soul escapes the struggling sigh.

Nor yet, so Hope sweet flatterer wou'd suggest,
 Nor yet of Love unconscious is her heart;
 Oft have her smiles the mutual flame confess'd;
 Nor unlamented shall I now depart.

And oft' her lips my plighted vows restor'd;
 How joy'd my soul such blessings to receive!
 Each hope she gave that honour cou'd afford;
 With ev'ry bliss that virtue ought to give.

When

When from her presence, forc'd by fate I came,
 Sudden her cheek the virgin bloom forsook :
 In her moist eye the rising furrows swam,
 And kind concern hung mournful on her look.

Grief ill-conceal'd, seem'd bursting from her breast ;
 The fond " Farewell," her falt'ring voice deny'd ;
 With equal warmth my closing hand she press'd ;
 And looks and nods the fond " Farewell" supply'd.

—Fair city, happy walls, at length adieu !
 I go ; but leave my soul's best part behind ;
 I go from joy, from pleasure, and from you ;
 Love, only Love, accompanies my mind :

Guard well your choicest charge, this favorite Maid ;
 So may the sun rise gorgeous on your tow'rs !
 —Me, on my hated way let darkness shade,
 Smit by the furious blasts and rattling show'rs.

In

In glooms congenial to my forrowing mind
 May the sick sky it's troubled visage shrowd ;
 My plaints be answer'd by the mutt'ring wind ;
 And heavy as my heart each low'ring cloud.

In vain doth Phœbus at the call of morn
 New trick his beams fresh rising from the sea ;
 In vain doth Spring the laughing fields adorn ;
 Without my Love, she shines no Spring to me.

O cou'd the Seasons but my Love restore !
 So might my soul their genial pleasures taste :
 Or blest'd with her I'd hear the whirlwind roar ;
 And brave the tempest on th' unshelter'd waste.

For she alone can time's dull space beguile ;
 Or with fresh joys improve the happy hour :
 For she can bid the wintry landscape smile,
 Or add new beauties to the vernal bow'r.

ELEGY

E L E G Y II.

On returning home from WINCHESTER. 1761.

IN vain, O native fields, ye strive to please,
 In vain to joy your various scenes invite :
 Nor can ye give my soul its wonted ease ;
 Nor can ye give my Fair-one to my sight !

Joy is not here : fly, sweet Remembrance, fly,
 Fly where I revell'd late in Pleasure's train ;
 Recall the fleeting form to Fancy's eye ;
 And live o'er all the blifsful hours again.

Mine was the lot, from ev'ry youth to bear
 The prize how envy'd, how desir'd by all !
 Mine was the lot, where hundred nymphs were fair,
 To lead the fairest through the mazy Ball.

How

How felt my soul when she to music mov'd,
 In youthful prime, and blooming beauty warm!
 Each step, each attitude her form improv'd,
 And a new grace arose on ev'ry charm.

Slow I obey'd, tho' music gave command,
 Her palm's soft touch one moment to resign:
 Again, e're music bade I seiz'd her hand,
 And lock'd the lovely treasure fast in mine.

If then that momentary loss was pain,
 This age of absence how shall I abide?
 Ah! who will bring her to my wish again,
 Whom adverse fate, and distant lands divide?

Where are those joys, those tender joys I felt,
 When from the dance retir'd we sat apart?
 On her alone my eyes all fondness dwelt;
 How have their rebel looks betray'd my heart!

Grace,

Grace, harmony, and sense distinct and clear,
 With mildness in her modest language meet :
 Attention hangs upon my ravish'd ear ;
 And what her eyes began, her words compleat.

—Away, thou filken son of foppish pride !
 This is no ear for such discourse as thine :
 Go, let thy vows and hackney'd arts be try'd
 In vain devotion at yon painted shrine.

Nor think that Love, true Love, cou'd e'er impart,
 False as your idol's bloom, such mimic joys :
 Affected mirth that springs not from the heart ;
 Jests without wit, and flattery that cloy.

By thee, my Fair-one, let me sit and sigh ;
 And mark the graces that around thee move ;
 Catch the dear pain that glances from thine eye ;
 And yield my soul to softness and to love.

H

Ah

Ah no, in pity snatch thy hand from mine,
 And hide those fatal beauties of thy cheek;
 Nor let thine eye so soft a look incline,
 Lest my fond heart with tenderness shou'd break.

Thy charms, my Love, o'ercome me with delight,
 Thy voice, thy look, thy smile——alas I dream!—
 Ye well known domes, that rise upon my sight,
 Once dear indeed! how hateful now ye seem!

Ah mock me not, my friends, with loathed joy;
 My sick'ning soul such greetings cannot bear:
 Nor this the form that fill'd my greedy eye;
 Nor that the voice which charm'd my list'ning ear.

Where is that look? Ah, where that lovely smile?
 Torn from those blessings, from her presence torn,
 In sighs, in tears I wear the absent while,
 Sad as the sick-man's night, impatient for the morn.

ELEGY

E L E G Y III.

D E S P A I R. Written in 1762.

SEVERE, O Love, thy tyrant pow'r I feel,
 My heart, my life, my freedom all are thine;
 Lo, at thy awful throne submits I kneel,
 Stern as thou art, thy milder ear incline.

If e'er my stubborn will thy pow'r repell'd,
 If e'er with thee in impious contest strove,
 If e'er my tongue thy mysteries reveal'd,
 A shameless recreant to myself and Love;

If e'er my heart its plighted promise broke,
 If aught but Love did e'er possess my mind;
 Then bow I calmly to the lifted stroke;
 Then to thy rage vindictive yield resign'd.

But if true votary to thy sov'reign pow'r.
 My infant hands thy laughing altars drefs'd,
 If from my birth to this afflictive hour,
 Thy hopes, thy joys have flutter'd in my breast ;

If Love, and Love alone, hath revell'd there,
 Beneath the veil of secrecy and truth,
 O free me, free me from this sad despair,
 That blasts with chilling hand my bloom of youth.

But ah, no pow'r of thine can reach her heart,
 Proof to that passion which her beauty gave ;
 Snatch then, O snatch from Death the friendly dart,
 And hide my sorrows in the silent grave.

ELEGY

E L E G Y IV.

A B S E N C E. Written in 1764.

FOUR days are pass'd, four tedious days of pain,
 Since these sad eyes beheld my Love depart,
 Four days are yet to come, e'er I again
 Shall see the beauteous sov'reign of my heart.

While fond impatience in my bosom burns,
 And the slow hours insult my restless haste,
 Ah who can teach me, 'till my Love returns,
 In easy indolence the time to waste?

Vain search! no ease will selfish Love allow;
 No pow'r hath art to lull my cares asleep:
 Pleasure, and mirth, and smiles are irksome now;
 And my sole comfort is to sigh and weep.

On

On swifter wings I bade the moments fly ;
 But they perverse have doubled their delay ;
 For grief hath banish'd slumber from my eye,
 And night partakes the sorrows of the day.

Nor think, my friends, that causeless is my pain,
 The hours you count not by a Lover's mind ;
 Four tedious days of absence I sustain,
 And justly dread the heavier half behind.

While distant strays my Love, the poison'd dart
 Of jealousy hath struck me with despair ;
 And doubts arise where Reason has no part,
 Surmises vain, and self-created care.

By glittering fops, and courtly speech beset,
 Can a frail woman's faith unshaken prove ?
 And will she not a wretch like me forget,
 Who only plead fidelity and Love ?

Ah

Ah no!—and now what extacy I feel!
 False are my doubts, and vain my scrup'lous fear.—
 I know the hand, I know the faithful seal,
 This Letter proves my Laura's heart sincere.

Yes, Fair-one, yes, thy love, thy truth I see;
 To my fond breast I'll press each tender line:
 Kifs the dear words that bid me think on thee;
 And bless the period that concludes thee mine.

On thee I'll think, till four long days shall give
 In thy lov'd presence more substantial bliss;
 Then shall my arms their real wish receive,
 And my lips glow beneath a warmer kifs.

ELEGY

E L E G Y V.

PARTING. Written in 1766.

I Go, my Love ; and 'till we meet again
 Let Hope and Constancy the time beguile :
 Again to meet ! that prospect shall restrain
 The tear that starts through my dissembled smile.

Farewell ! but there is finish'd all my boast—
 That tender accent falters on my tongue ;
 And I must weep for that dear object lost,
 On which I gaz'd so fondly and so long.

O stop ! O turn ! for I have much to say—
 One word ! one look ! I cannot leave thee so—
 —Ah me, she takes a distant, diff'rent way ;
 And I unheard, unanswer'd vent my woe.

From

From her soft voice no more I catch the sound ;
 No more her beauties grace my happy fide :
 I call, I search in vain, no more is found
 My sweet companion, and my promis'd bride.

Back to those happier scenes, Remembrance, fly !
 Thy lenient aid my sorrows shall remove :
 For thou from those dear moments canst supply
 Full many a proof propitious to my love.

Much tho' I lov'd, I found that love repaid ;
 And seem'd of all men happy o'er the rest ;
 Consenting Beauty heal'd the wound it made ;
 And Love enslav'd me but to make me blest.

My lips the story of my bosom told
 Check'd by no scornful, no unkind reply ;
 Her fav'ring glances bade my tongue be bold,
 And mutual passion kindled in her eye.

The blush soft spreading o'er her downcast face,
 The sudden sigh half rising, half suppress'd,
 That coy distress which heightens every grace
 In silent eloquence her love confess'd.

How sweet to snatch her not unwilling hand,
 And all delighted on her charms to gaze;
 While mix'd with many a kiss we fondly plann'd
 The tender conduct of connubial days!

Each social Virtue decks her gentle mind;
 And steadfast Honour waves his banners there;
 So chaste a temple, Love was proud to find;
 And Truth proclaims her parting vow sincere.

While sweet Remembrance thus relieves my heart,
 Ah why shou'd grief so fair a prospect sour!
 Yes, we shall meet, and meet no more to part,
 And Heav'n and Love shall bless th' expected hour.

Then

Then fare thee well! and to thy constant mind
 Still be my memory dear, tho' I am gone;
 Still be each thought, each tender wish confin'd
 To me whose heart is full of thee alone:

Fond Hope the while shall cheer my drooping soul,
 In sweet impatience shall the time employ,
 Shall chide the lazy moments as they roll,
 And soothe my grief with thoughts of future joy.

A N
E L E G Y

W R I T T E N

When a long Courfe of ill Health threatened
the AUTHOR with a Confumption. 1765.

WHERE now are all my golden hopes of youth?
Youth, nor its hopes are mine, for Health is fled:
On my green years Difcfe hath fix'd her tooth;
And Sicknefs bows like Age my vanquish'd head.

Slow on my life the fecret mischief preys,
Numbs my funk foul: my manly fpirit dies:
The hand of Melancholy marks my days,
And Joy with all his blythe attendants flies.

No

No more with shouts I rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 The life, the leader of the hunter train:
 The young, the bold, obey the sprightly horn,
 But leave me fainting on the couch of Pain.

At noon my short and cheerless day begins;
 My friends in silence crowd the foodful board;
 No mirth of mine their pleas'd attention wins;
 No life to me the circling cups afford.

Gay shines the Ball, and Pleasure leads the dance;
 But moping Solitude attends me there;
 No sparkling eye invites me to advance;
 Nor Wit, nor Beauty, hath for me an ear.

On me, sad picture of man's woeful state,
 On me the stranger casts his eager eye;
 Reflection points his own uncertain fate;
 And as he turns, he heaves the selfish sigh.

Fair

Fair was my morn of life, and to my view
 Blaz'd the full prospect of unmix'd delight,
 Ah, dreary change! at noon the tempest blew:
 —Yon black'ning clouds denounce a fudden night.

Hence with the triumph of the strong and gay!—
 To the same certain end our lives will run:
 Mine the short course of one poor wintry day;
 They boast a lengthen'd, but a setting Sun.

ELEGY

E L E G Y,

Addressed to the Author of an ELEGY,

O N T H E

Lamented Death of the Marquis of TAVISTOCK.

Written in 1767.

P^OET, whose Muse by generous sorrow led
 Quitting each lighter theme, each idler verse,
 Has twin'd a last sad wreath for Ruffel dead,
 And strew'd sweet odours on his timeless hearse;

Thine be the task to chear a Father's grief,
 (To skill like thine such arduous tasks belong)
 To give a Mother's aching heart relief—
 And may they listen to thy soothing song!

'Tis

'Tis done—triumphant from the painful strife,
Great in the calmness of corrected woe

The patient Bedford cries—" Author of life!

" Author of every good that Mortals know!

" Forgive the struggles of a soul distress'd!

" Forgive the Father of an only Son!

" Forgive these tears! whatever is, is best—

" Author of life and fate, thy will be done!

" And TAVISTOCK *has* liv'd, be that my pride;

" —I saw th' admiring world his worth adore;

" Without a foe, without a fault he dy'd;

" —I saw the world no private loss deplore.

" And lo, yon Babes—my best relief is there—

" Their infant steps my guiding hand require:

" Once more, just Heav'n, indulge a Parent's pray'r,

" —O bless the Children, as you bless'd the Sire!

" With

“ With patriot virtue mark their useful days,
 “ Make firm hereditary worth their own :
 “ Be this their first great care, and this their praise,
 “ That Ruffels live not for themselves alone.

“ But chief, O teach them, stripp’d of vain disguise,
 “ The true Nobility of doing good ;
 “ Beyond the Laurel’s pageantry, to prize
 “ The Poor-man’s blessing for his daily food.”

Thus manly Reason fooths a Parent’s pain ;
 —But ah what solace can the Muses find,
 (Poet, tho’ taught by thee a sweeter strain)
 For the sharp anguish of a female mind ?

Yon widow’d Mourner ! ah, just Heav’n, afford
 Thy comforts there—there let thy mercies flow :
 She faints, she starts, she calls her hapless Lord,
 In all the wildness of romantic woe.

K

“ Where,

“ Where is my Love, ye Hunters, tell me where?
 “ Rouz’d by your shouts, he left my safe embrace—
 “ First in the field he shone,—you cry,—and there,
 “ Like young Adonis, perish’d in the chace.

“ Away, ungrateful steed, whose trait’rous hoof
 “ Marks its dire passage with thy Master’s blood!
 “ Far from the foodful crib and sheltering roof,
 “ Go rove the fiercest Savage of the wood!

“ And thou disastrous spot, where fell my Love,
 “ Be this thy fate,—amidst a fruitful plain
 “ The constant curse of Barrenness to prove,
 “ Despis’d, reproach’d, by every passing swain:

“ To thee may Spring refuse her flow’ry pride;
 “ From thee may Heav’n its fresh’ning dews withhold;
 “ There may the Ploughman turn his share aside;
 “ Nor there the Shepherd fix his ev’ning fold!

“ The

“ The Hunter there, (if Hunter there shall come
 “ Uncheck’d, undaunted by my Ruffel’s fate)
 “ Shall point the scene of his untimely doom,
 “ And with a sigh that impious deed relate.

“ Ah my poor Children, whose unthinking age
 “ Knows not the loss your infant lives endure !
 “ Come, let your smiles my happier views engage ;
 “ From you alone my griefs will hope a cure.”

—There every comfort may thy bosom find,
 Illustrious Dame ! in them thy Ruffel trace :
 Theirs be the nobler virtues of his mind,
 As theirs the copied sweetness of his face.

—For me, if strains like mine thy notice claim,
 Son of the Nine, to me in distant fields,
 —Far from the world—no candidate for fame—
 Its ruder joys the horn inglorious yields.

Once on the plains with Bedford's son I strove,
As rivals match'd, the leaders of the chace:
'Twas then his gentle manners won my love,
His youthful ardour, and his manly grace.

Struck by his fate, my artless pen I took—
Poet, my sorrows and my zeal excuse!
For *thou* art gentle, and thine eye will look
With mild indulgence on a sylvan muse.

ODE

O D E to H E A L T H.

W R I T T E N

At BUXTON in DERBYSHIRE. 1765.

O Rosy Health, heart-easy Maid,
 In garments light thy limbs array'd,
 In smiles thy jocund features drest,
 Of Heav'ns best blessings thou the best;
 Bright Goddesses ever fair and young,
 To thee my votive lays belong!
 For thou hast fill'd each languid vein
 With vigour, life, and strength again,
 When pale, enervate, wan, and weak,
 Despair and Sickness seiz'd my cheek.

O cou'd my voice such numbers raise
 Thee and thy healing founts to praise,

As

As might with themes so high agree,
 Praise, worthy them, and worthy thee!
 O nymph admit me of thy train,
 With thee to range the breezy plain;
 And fresh and strong my limbs to lave
 Beneath thy nerve-restoring wave.

With thee to rouse the slumb'ring morn
 With op'ning hound and cheering horn,
 With shouts that shake each wood and hill,
 While mocking Echo takes her fill.

O lover of the daified lawn!

'Tis thine, at earliest peep of dawn

The ranging forrester to greet,

Or the blythe lass whose tripping feet,

All as she sings beneath her pail,

Imprint long traces o'er the vale.

Nor seekest thou the proud resorts

Of cities and licentious courts,

Where Sloth and Gluttony abide,

With bloated Surfeit by their side;

But

But humbly scornest not to dwell
 With Temp'rance in the rural cell;
 To watch the sheep-boy at his stand,
 Or ploughman on the furrow'd land.
 These climates cold, these barren plains,
 Where rude uncultur'd Nature reigns,
 Better thy hardy Manners please
 Than bow'rs of Luxury and Ease.
 And oft' you trip these hills among
 With Exercise, a sportsman young,
 Who starting at the call of day
 Cuffs drowsy Indolence away,
 And climbs with many a sturdy stride
 The mossy Mountain's quivering side.
 Nor fleeting mist, nor fullen storm,
 Nor blast, nor whirlwind can deform
 The careless scene when thou art there,
 With Cheerfulness thy daughter fair.
 From thee, bright Health, all blessings spring,
 Hither thy blooming Children bring,

Light-

Light-hearted Mirth, and Sport, and Joy,
 And young-ey'd Love thy darling boy.
 'Tis thou hast pour'd o'er Beauty's face
 Its artless bloom, its native grace;
 Thou on my Laura's lips hast spread
 The peach's blush, the rose's red;
 With quick'ning life thy touch supplies
 The polish'd lustre of her eyes.
 O ever make thy dwelling there,
 And guard from harm my favorite Fair!
 O let no blighting grief come nigh;
 And chace away each hurtful sigh,
 Disease with sickly yellow spread,
 And Pain that holds the drooping head!
 There as her beauties you defend,
 Oft' may her eye in kindness bend
 (So doubly bounteous wilt thou prove)
 On me who live but in her Love.

T H E
H A R E H U N T E R.

A burlesque IMITATION of various Parts
Of MILTON's L'Allegro, and Il' Penferoso.

Written in 1765.

LO I, who erst at break of day
To * *Nelston Wiggs* betook my way,
Alarming all the country round
With barb'rous shout, and babbling hound;
And many a fox in vain purfu'd
To * *Bardon Hill* or * *Button Wood*;
And oft' return'd in evening dark
With empty hands from * *Horfeley Park*;
And thought myself a clever lad,
While all the neighbours deem'd me mad;

* Fox Covers.

L

Now

Now condescend with nicest care
 To look the hedge-row for a hare.
 —Hence FOXHUNTING! thou fiend forlorn,
 Of uproar wild, and tumult born:
 No more expect me on the hill,
 Obedient to thy summons shrill,
 Where late with joy I saw thee stand,
 The whip new-chorded in thine hand,
 In boots thy legs intrenched strong,
 Thy heels well arm'd with rowels long,
 The cap close-fitted to thy head,
 The blue-plush coat, the waistcoat red;
 Thy person trim, succinct, and light,
 Breeches'd high, in buckskin tight;
 Mounted on a courser fleet,
 With ardent eyes, and pawing feet.
 Hence with thy tall tail-curling hound,
 Of tongue so shrill, and ears so round.
 No more I listen to the noise
 Of “wind him rogues,” and “to him boys,”

The

The ' touch,' the ' drag,' and " Tallihoe,"
 And " gone away," and " there they go ;"
 And how we earth'd him at *Crick Chace*,
 Or loft him at some *curfed* place ;
 From all fuch ills that did attend us
 Henceforth good Jupiter defend us !
 —But come thou Genius of " Loo Whore,"
 Sober, ftedfaft, and demure,
 Clad in a coat of clumsy fize,
 Of double drab, or knotted frize,
 O'er which is drawn the warm furtout
 With flourifh'd girdle bound about,
 Thy vacant forehead broad and fat
 Shadow'd beneath the round cropp'd hat.
 Sweet pow'r of Thiftlewhipping, hail !
 Whom in a folitary vale
 To prone-ey'd Dulnefs long of yore
 The moping nymph Tantarra bore ;
 He half awake one mifty morn
 Tickled her fcut beneath a thorn.

—Come, but keep your wonted state
 On a horse of sluggish gait,
 Your looks commercing with the ground
 Where the close-couching hare is found :
 And as across the lands you creep
 Forget yourself, and fall asleep :
 Till the dull feed shall break your nap,
 Stumbling through th' accustom'd gap.
 And first the waddling beagle bring
 That looks as just escap'd the string,
 With sneaking tail and heavy head
 Such as by neighbour *Dass* are bred.
 And join sharp Cold, with Ache severe,
 And Patience, that can bear to hear
 The pack with melancholy tone
 Around the scented hillock moan,
 And with such discord as they keep
 Tempt pitying travellers to weep.
 Me, Genius, shalt thou often find
 On some hill side beneath the wind,

On

On fallows rough, or stubbles dry,
 Where the lone Leveret loves to lie,
 While such mean merriment invites,
 Doing thy sadly pleasing rites.
 Oft' on a plat of rising ground
 I see the fat pack puzzling round
 Where the game went long before,
 Sounding sad with fullen roar;
 With slow-pac'd heed and tedious cunning
 Through all her artful mazes running,
 Untwisting every knotty wile
 Both of the double and the foil,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of drowsy murm'rings long drawn out,
 Bewailing their dull master's folly,
 Most pitiful, most melancholy.
 —But chiefly let the Southern's tongue
 Drag its deep dismal tone along,
 In bellowings loud, and utterance hoarse,
 Such as mournful way may force

Through

Through all my Hearing's cavities,
 And bring the tears into my eyes.
 But let my due fight never fail,
 Where beaten paths divide the vale,
 With anxious skill and cunning care
 To prick the footsteps of the hare,
 While I cheer the beagles toil,
 With "hoo the way," and "hark the foil."
 And when at last old age and gout
 Prevent my longer going out,
 O may I from my easy chair
 The wonders of my youth declare,
 Extol at large myself and steed,
 And talk of hounds of my old breed;
 'Till I become through neighb'ring shires
 The oracle of Country 'Squires.
 —These pleasures, Harehunting, impart,
 And I am thine with all my heart.

A N E P I S T L E.

Written in 1764.

———*Quid Romæ faciam?**Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit.* Horat.

MIX with the world, the polish'd world, 'you cry,'
 Nor waste thy prime in dull obscurity;
 Go, join assemblies of the great and gay,
 Thy worth, thy wit, thy genius there display;
 In towns, in courts the road to greatness find,
 Improve thy manners, and enlarge thy mind,
 A place, a pension, or high portion'd dame
 Thy fortune shall repair and sinking name.
 —Hold, hold my friend! and first consult with care
 What suits my genius, what my strength will bear;
 To education we our manners owe;
 And as you bend the twig the tree will grow.
 The mind once form'd, distort it how you will,
 Plain simple nature will be nature still.
 'Twere strange to see a horse with human head;
 As strange that I, a rustic born and bred,

My

My life half spent shou'd now embrace the town,
 A mongrel beau engrafted on a clown :
 They who in wond'ring at the beast concurr'd
 Wou'd hiss at me, a mixture more absurd.
 Shall I, an enemy to noise and strife,
 Who cannot relish turtle for my life,
 Who sleep at midnight, and by day-light dine,
 Who hate French manners, and abhor French wine,
 To Routs, to Ranelagh, and Cards, a foe,
 Who on my dress but little care bestow,
 Fond of few words, and those of plainest kind,
 Shall I with wits and men of taste be join'd ?
 Shall I with Fashion through her follies range,
 Ape all her forms, and as she changes, change ?
 Forbid it, Prudence, Common Sense, forbid !
 My rustic manners never can be hid.
 Once, and but once, by vanity betray'd,
 In full-dress'd fashionable suit array'd,
 Like David in Saul's armour, I a beau
 Among the courtly crowd *essay'd* to go.

O had

O had you seen me with distressful stare,
 As greatly conscious of no business there,
 On the wrought cieling, or the paintings pore,
 With many a wishful look turn'd tow'rs the door,
 Amidst surrounding multitudes, alone,
 Of every soul unknowing and unknown,
 Formal and grave, without one single word,
 With frequent stumbles o'er my dangling sword;
 Yourself had pitied the bewilder'd 'Squire,
 Yourself had whisper'd—"my good friend, retire."
 Escap'd at length for haste I bilk'd my chair,
 Ran to my lodgings, and in safety there
 Sigh'd for my plain blue Plush, and rural air. }
 At Court—but peace to ministers and kings—
 I wash my hands of all such dang'rous things :
 And peace to such, and happiness be theirs,
 (So I no more ascend St. *James's* stairs)
 Who cringe for pensions, and for titles bow,
 And may they still stand foremost in the Row;

M

And

And as the royal whisper hackneys round
 Still on each face may ready smiles be found;
 For smiles at court approve the heart sincere;
 But looks like mine can never prosper there;
 Like Cassius, I, a spare long-visag'd guest,
 Might raise suspicion in great Cæsar's breast;
 And servitude how high so e'er it be,
 (A Briton speaks it) is too low for me.
 —You laugh at fables, and at proverbs too;
 I'll tell a tale, a recent tale and true.

In yon old mansion, wash'd by Derwent's flood,
 'Squire *Toper* liv'd, th' Actæon of the wood;
 In sportive green he always rode array'd;
 A hunter's cap his turn of mind betray'd;
 A healthy hue bespoke a length of years,
 His short brown wig wou'd scarce conceal his ears;
 A velvet collar did his neck surround;
 His belt was stamp'd with many a tinsel hound;
 Of buck his breeches, which himself he slew;
 And his trim boots close to his ancles grew:

Spearlike

Spearlike his spurs ; while many an echoing crack
 Lurk'd in his lash, obedient to the smack ;
 Horses and hounds were his supreme delight,
 Of those he thought by day, and dream'd by night.
 With strong-brew'd beer his spacious vaults were stor'd,
 And beef and pudding smok'd upon his board.
 His rural neighbours there a welcome found ;
 And Church and King, and Liberty went round.
 'Midst an inglorious but a guiltless life,
 He lov'd his friend, old England, and his wife.
 At length (the Dev'l ordain'd it) Toper went
 The Country's choice to Town and Parl'ament.
 Alas, with grief the sequel I pursue !
 What cannot fashion, life, and London do ?
 Plain Toper say'st thou ?—not for half the world !
 'Tis sweet Sir Topaz, and his hair is curl'd.
 Behold him now of Ladies' favour vain,
 Affecting manners he can ne'er attain,
 Hear him unfold the mysteries of state,
 Or tell you what was told him by the great,

With jumble strange of town and country words
 Let him discourse of Levees, and of Lords,
 Or mark his wisdom when with nicest care
 He criticises on the bill of fare,
 Displays the merits of a poignant dish,
 And recommends his way of stewing fish;
 Reflect from what this man of taste began;
 And now restrain your laughter if you can.
 Himself he deems a wight of high renown,
 While the world counts him but a motley clown.
 Such patch-work manners must all palates loath,
 Half beau, half rustic, and despis'd by both.
 —Distinction, hail! for thee we dress, we fight,
 Drink, game, and change the course of day and night.
 Thus Nero, dead to virtue and to shame,
 Fir'd the fair City to preserve his name.—
 —In vain I plead: you cry, “Get into life:
 “Gain wealth and pow'r, or in one word—a wife.”
 There ends my search, whatever ills betide,
 All, all are cancell'd by a wealthy bride:

Ill-natur'd

Ill-natur'd, ugly, old, it matters not,
 The money'd dame is ever free from blot.
 Indifference comes, disgust and downright hate,
 Mere trifles pois'd against the purse's weight.
 And am I thus made easy in the world,
 From heavy debts to heavier evils hurl'd?
 Shall I pronounce a vow I never meant,
 And give my hand without my heart's consent?
 Forbid it, virtue, honesty, and Love!
 Far from my mind the hated thought remove.
 Awhile the golden prospect caught my view,
 As Vanity the flatter'd picture drew;
 But soon I loathing turn'd, and heav'd a sigh,
 As Laura's image cross'd reflection's eye.
 My dear lov'd Laura! from my youth began
 The tender flame, and ripen'd in the man.
 My dear lov'd Laura! till my latest age
 No future passion shall my vows engage.
 Tho' adverse fortune keeps our hands apart
 Thine are my thoughts, my wishes, and my heart.

—For

For you, my friend who labour to remove
 My partial fancy from the life I love,
 Vain is your reas'ning, vain your subtle skill,
 My choice was early, I approve it still.
 These school-boy rhimes may testify the truth,
 Writ in the plain simplicity of youth.

“ Let others vainly boast their glittering store
 “ And rove to foreign climes in search of more;
 “ Let them for splendid care and guilty gain
 “ Explore new worlds, and tempt the deathful main;
 “ Be his the prize, and his the dear-bought praise,
 “ Whom toils distinguish, and whom dangers raise,
 “ Whilst humbler I, and thankfully content
 “ With what the hand of Providence hath sent,
 “ No dupe to fortune, and no slave to fame,
 “ Without one pride, except an honest name,
 “ Move in the narrow sphere assign'd by fate,
 “ Nor meanly wish to be ignobly great.
 “ The gay, the fair, the wanton, and the proud,
 “ May throng to cities, and in courts may crowd,
 “ The

“ The brave, the great, the learned, and the wise,
 “ May rank with princes, and with kings advise;
 “ Whilst these attain their wish of wealth and pow’r,
 “ And those in pleasures waste the fated hour,
 “ Whilst the rich robe that cloaths the proudest breast
 “ Hides not the latent care, its restless guest,
 “ Let me unvex’d with all the storms of life,
 “ From busy faction far, and party strife,
 “ Beneath my rural roof contented live,
 “ And taste that bliss which London cannot give.”
 —Thus blest retirement, calm content and ease,
 Took my young mind, and still their objects please:
 I praise the fate which kindly fix’d me down
 At least an hundred Miles from Court and Town.
 In yon fair vale my modest dwelling stands,
 Its humble site no distant view commands;
 The narrow scene, by sloping hills confin’d,
 Speaks the contentment of its master’s mind:
 A chrystal stream the verdant mead divides,
 Which by no torrent stain’d, unruffled glides

Clear

Clear and serene through all its winding ways ;
 Such be the peaceful tenor of my days !
 On its fresh banks arise spontaneous flow'rs,
 Around her rural blessings Plenty pours.
 Nature almost prevents the farmer's toil,
 So rich the clime, so fruitful is the soil.
 Soon in full growth the sapling wood you see ;
 And the same hand that plants, may fell the tree.
 Great Pan with pleasure on these lawns might rove,
 And all * Arcadia lives in yonder grove.
 My life shall pass unknown, unenvied here,
 And health and peace attend me through the year.
 Here all their joys the varying seasons bring,
 Here will I listen to the choir of spring ;
 In summer's heat these cooling shades I chuse,
 To walk and trifle with the pastoral muse ;
 The toil of autumn here let me behold ;
 Here chace with exercise the wintry cold.
 Here, tho' no flatterers wait my fame to raise,
 Yet here shall truth my few plain merits praise.

* Alluding to a small Wood, with a COTTAGE, &c. in it.

Still may some virtues with the months roll round;
 Still at my door warm charity be found :
 May soft Humanity, the poor man's friend,
 Her aid to sickness and to misery lend;
 May all who need it, share my field's increase,
 And heav'n so bless me, as I mean to bless !
 —Thus let me live, a plain unpractis'd youth,
 Who wish no more than honesty and truth,
 For airs polite most awkwardly unfit,
 And much too dull (I know it) for a wit.
 Thus through the world steal bashfully unknown,
 Save to my neighbour, and my friend alone ;
 'Tis theirs to tell you, if they tell you true,
 Plain tho' my manners, they are gentle too.
 Thus let me live, and live without a foe,
 The world will spare the man it does not know.

F I N I S.

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E R R A T A.

Page 8. l. 18. *read* O sweet *Ann*, sweet Ann Page.

16. l. 10. Good instances I *soon* *cou'd* give t'ye.

85. l. 20. Such as *it's* mournful, &c.

87. Motto, Quid Romæ faciam? *Juvenal.*

90. l. 16. *for* wou'd *read* cou'd.

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